

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Owner and Editor.

"Of a Noisy World, With News From All Nations Lumbering at His Back."

\$1.00 A YEAR, Always in Advance.

EIGHTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, DECEMBER 30, 1892.

NUMBER 40.

The Greatest Effort —OF— OUR LIVES! NEVER EQUALLED —IN THE— History of Lexington! Louis & Gus Straus' DISPLAY OF SPRING CLOTHING

Every Department Overflowing to its Utmost Capacity. This is not a cheap-penny sole of any kind, but good honest values and qualities at fair prices. During the evening week we will display full lines of Men's and Boys' Clothing—representing the leading and best manufacturers in the United States and Europe. We will forfeit our reputation of thirty years' standing in Lexington. We have never failed to keep our promises heretofore:

That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$5.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$10.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$15.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$20.
That we will sell you the best Men's Suit at \$25.

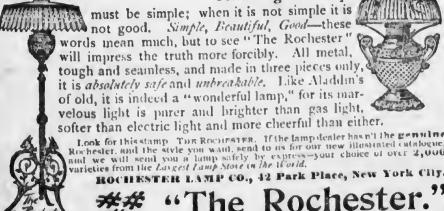
OUR : MERCHANT : TAILORING : DEPARTMENT
Is the finest in the United States. Our Cutters and Workmen are First-class artists. We are doing the largest business we have ever done. Come and make your selections early.

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LEADING CLOTHIERS and FINE TAILORS.

LEXINGTON, KENTUCKY.

"Seeing is Believing."

And a good lamp



Look for this stamp. The Rochester has the genuine Rochester, and the style you want, send us for our new catalogues and descriptive leaflets. We will send you your choice of over 2,000 articles from the Largest Lamp Store in the world.

ROCHESTER LAMP CO., 42 Park Place, New York City.

*** "The Rochester."

JAY-EYE-SEE 240

Mr. J. L. Case, (Decker) Grove Farm, Janesville, Wisconsin, says: "After trying every known remedy, I removed a large tumor from my arm with Jay-Eye-See in a year old boy, with these applications of . . .

QUINN'S OINTMENT.

It is the best preparation I have ever used or heard of. I heartily recommend it to all Horsemen.

I have hundreds of such testimonials.

Price \$1.50 per bottle. Ask your druggist for it. If he does not keep it, send me the name of a place, for I shall send it to him.

W. H. EDDY & CO., Whitehall, N. Y.



Furniture, Carpets and Rugs!

THE TOPICS OF THE DAY! Men are talking about who shall be the next President, Tariff Reform, &c., but the ladies are talking of the Fine Furniture and how cheap they can buy it from

Geo. W. Robinson, Campton, Ky.

I have just added to my stock of General Merchandise the largest and most complete line of Furniture ever brought to this country, and will make prices as low as can be had at Winchester or Lexington. So come and see goods and save prices before buying elsewhere.

Tell your friends, GEO. W. ROBINSON.

The Proposed Road Law.

There is a bill pending in the house reported by the revisory committee entitled "roads and passes" that ought to and probably will become a law. It provides that the county court with the aid and advice of the road supervisor shall classify the roads in the several counties of the state in 1892 into first, second and third class roads. Those of first-class shall be not more than sixty nor less than thirty feet wide; those of second-class not more than thirty nor less than twenty feet wide, and of third-class not more than twenty nor less than fifteen feet wide, with road beds of at least twenty, sixteen and twelve feet respectively, and broken stones or gravel shall be used to form surface when it is necessary or convenient. When condition of any road requires it the draining must be made. The fiscal court of the county shall at the April term, 1892, elect a supervisor of roads for term of two years, who shall be a citizen of the county and if the court desire a civil engineer. The supervisor shall receive an annual salary of not more than \$1,200 payable out of the county treasury.

The fiscal court shall prescribe a period in each year within which the levying and grading of roads shall be done; but said period shall not extend beyond the first of October in any year. It shall be the duty of the supervisor to report in writing to the judge of the county court all failures of contractors to comply with their contracts in regard to roads or bridges, and to appear and prosecute in all proceedings against such delinquents so returned to him. The supervisor, with the consent of the county judge, may designate certain roads or parts of roads that are not to be let out as hereinbefore required, but which are to be worked and kept in repair, either by special contracts privately made, or by hands and teams hired by him, or by delinquent tax payers, or by persons sentenced to labor, or who, by law, may be liable to work out fines imposed by juries or courts. Such overseers and persons hired as herein provided are to be paid out of the road and bridge fund. Delinquent tax payers shall be worked on roads in their judicial districts, and as convenient as may be to their places of residence, and shall be allowed credit on taxes due by them at the rate of one dollar for each full day's work.

All those persons confined in county jails or work-houses, either under sentence of court for misdemeanors or imprisoned for non-payment of fine and costs, shall be available to the supervisor for the purpose of working them on the public highways. In counties having workhouses, the prisoners may be obtained by the supervisor from the board of commissioners and the superintendent of the work house, upon such terms as may be agreed upon between them. These are ten points of the proposed law which if put into effect would aid incalculably to convenience of travel and the value of lands. Then the lines

"When this way you travel."

Pray bring your own gravel! We will no longer apply in Kentucky, —Danville Advocate.

J. Kennedy Tod and the K. U.

The case of J. Kennedy Tod & Co. against the K. U. Railroad Co., after a litigation of nearly two years, was decided in their favor by the United States court last week. The court ordered that unless the second mortgage bondholders pay the debt of the road within four months from January 1st, 1893, that the road be sold, with one million as a starter. The road will remain in the hands of Receiver Keen until that time. The lines of the K. U. have certainly fallen in hard places, but we hope will come out all right, as its benefit to the mountains can not be calculated.

A bill increasing the pension of the Mexican soldiers, has passed the house at Washington.

There are thirty towns in America called Washington.

Let the People Elect.

Why should not the Democratic party advocate the proposed constitutional change providing for the election of president by the direct vote of the people? It is the most honest way of getting at the will of the people. It places the selection of chief magistrate in the hands of the people instead of in the hands of the politicians. It prevents the centralization of corruption funds in doubtful states. It prevents partisan returning boards in certain states from reversing the will of the people. It makes the voter of every state equal. It prevents dictation at party conventions by doubtful states.

That the change would be of immense advantage to the Democrats, it is but necessary to glance at the following figures to have it demonstrated. The large majority of voters in the country are Democrats, and the Democrats have cast a majority of the votes at every election since '72 except in 1880. The following is the table of pluralities.

Cleveland's plurality in 1882.....431,898
Cleveland's in 1884.....38,544
Garfield's plurality in 1880.....35,584
Tilden's plurality in 1876.....230,918

It is evident that the Democrats have everything to gain and nothing to lose by the change. They escape from the dictates of New York and they almost certainly elect every president for many years to come. The people have everything to gain and nothing to lose, for the election is placed in their hands and political manipulation will be of little avail.—Louisville Post.

The Road Convention.

The road convention held at Lexington last week, was not as well attended as it should have been. A permanent organization was effected, however, by the election of R. H. Gray, of Woodford county, as president, and W. J. Thomas, of Shelby county, secretary. The road bill, now pending in the legislature, was discussed at length. The committee on resolutions reported as follows:

Resolved, First.—That this organization be made permanent, and that its object is to impress the people of the state with the importance of improving our public roads and instituting a road system that will produce better results and distribute more equitably and fairly the burden of maintaining and keeping the public roads in repair.

Second.—That the county judges be urgently requested to appoint delegates to its meeting to be held at Lexington, January 17th, 1893.

Third.—That the newspapers of the section do all in their power to call their readers, and use their best endeavors to awaken them to the importance of the subject, and to the material benefits that would accrue to them and to the public from a more enlightened and efficient system.

Fourth.—That all persons who are interested in the improvement of our roads, especially roads, and to co-operate with the convention in enlisting interests and creating a public sentiment upon this most important subject.

Fifth.—That the legislature is earnestly requested to enact as soon as possible a law that will cure the ridiculous effect of our present miserable system, and promote the material improvement of public roads.

The convention adjourned to meet at Lexington, January 17th, 1893, and it is hoped that every county in the state will be represented, and much good be done.

Give Tom a Place.

Thus, Mr. Fitzpatrick, of Prestonburg, will be an applicant for collector of internal revenue in his district. Tom Fitzpatrick has been in proportion to his body, and when the Democrats need help he is sure to be in the thickest of the fight. Such men deserve the spoils of office.—Winchester Democrat.

Believe not in malicious gossip. Be helpful toward all those in need. Kind, sympathetic in actions, charitable in opinions and generous to faults, and remember that good manners, good morals and a good heart is the way to lasting love and true happiness.

There are thirty towns in America called Washington.

Carlisle the Coming Man.

A Washington correspondent says: "With Cleveland's election the star of John G. Carlisle rose again, and the people who know much about inside politics realize that the chance of Senator Carlisle's life has come. He is destined to be one of the greatest figures in the Cleveland administration. Carlisle's position will be more prominent than that of cabinet officers, except in the case of emergencies, in which some one portfolio might chance to secure temporary fame. Carlisle has reached the stage in his career where he is ripe for honors. His wonderful acumen and ability is conceded by every one, and his prominence as the great constitution defender and Mr. Cleveland's personal friend will give him the greatest opportunity he has ever had. There are said to be two politicians for whom Mr. Cleveland has a genuine liking; one is Carlisle, in whose sagacity he has confidence, the other is Russell, the Massachusetts governor, for whom Mr. Cleveland has a fondness as he entertains for few men. Mr. Russell is not a cabinet probability on account of the lieutenant governorship of his state being in Republican hands. Three great figures of the Cleveland congress will be Carlisle, Gorman and Cochran."

Best Stock Pays Best.

One of the largest droves of choice beefs ever received here was brought in on Wednesday last by J. Evans, from his Emerson, La., farm. There were seventeen car loads, and every animal was as near perfection as they make them. They were polled Angus, averaged 1,490 lbs. and brought \$6. Had they been divided up into smaller lots undoubtedly they would have brought better figures. Mr. Evans has about 1,000 head of young cattle on his Emerson farm, 400 of which are pure-breds—Broodstock Gazette.

Dietrich was an old horse when H. C. McDowell, his present owner, gave \$25,000 for him, but he has earned in stud fees and produce \$150,000 for the proprietor of Ashland, and is now celebrated as the sire of the wonderful Jay-Eye-See, and the grand-sire of Nancy Hanks, Dietrich and Direct, besides the progenitor of hundreds of other fast horses.

A Fight for Place.

Mr. Buscon, of Bath county, representative and a prominent Democrat in that section, is an applicant for collector in the Lexington district. Three members of congress, Breckinridge, Payne and Ladd, have counties in the district, and all of them will pull for the collectorship, which carries so much patronage with it. Senator Blackburn also has an interest in the district, and he and Col. Breckinridge are said to be looking fiercely at each other with the other eye on the bone. Col. Thomas Shelly and State Senator Mulligan, of Lexington, are doing their level best to get the collectorship. Senator Blackburn is said to wait for it for his brother. The eighth congressional district may have an applicant for commissioner of internal revenue—the place whence all the collectorships radiate.—Danville Advocate.

Undesirable Citizens.

An exchange gives us a list of nine classes of people who do a town no good. First, those who go out of town to do their trading. Second, those opposing improvements. Third, those who prefer a quiet town to one of push and business. Fourth, those who imagine they own the town. Fifth, those who think business can be done safely without advertising. Sixth, those who deride public spirited men. Seventh, those opposing every movement that does not originate with themselves. Eighth, those who oppose every enterprise that does not appear to benefit them. Ninth, those who seek to injure the credit of individuals.

Pay your account today.

H. F. PIBBATT & CO.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, ILLINOIS, KY.

COLOR IN COSTUME.

Why Brilliant Fines Are Not More Used.

The dress of Americans and of North Europeans is often of a hue than it is of black or of white, but nevertheless it can not be said that we apply color to dress. For color, technically speaking, means a mingling of pure hues which enrich each other, and form, by their effect upon each other of contrast and relation, an agreeable and harmonious whole. Of the art of thus combining colors we have neither a knowledge nor an inherited instinct. How many women, for instance, say, for example, what is the effect of mingling a light tone of a dark color with a dark tone of light color? or know in what proportions of area the primaries balance each other? or even know what the complementsaries are? And yet these are the mere alphabet of the subject.

We are so little about color that we can't tell a difference from a thousand, and our eyes are so unused to it that a bit of pure tone like an Italian woman's neckerchief in a costume fairly frightening us, as red does a turkey. If we venture to indulge the inclination for color which we all have by nature, we are more likely than not to produce a crude motley. The best educated of us, therefore, take refuge in imitation, following this cardinal principle of art, Moliere's counsel to leave dress to the tailor, while the ignorant flaunt emblamies and bring color into desecration. We have taught ourselves to believe that color is not desirable. We think we don't like it; we say that it is not refined.

This is of course nonsense. Nature's colors of sky and landscape can not be surpassed for splendor; art uses color pure and the most beautiful fabrics and garments in the world are made up largely because of splendid color. The most gorgeous hues royalty has in all ages appropriated to its own costume, and who shall say that the purple of Rome and the colors of the sun of the Chinese emperor are vulgar? No, super-refinement is not the reason we eschew color in our dress, and it would be contradiction of terms to say that it is an excuse for our unrefined taste.

Some people attribute our distaste of color to the fact that it is new to the north, but, though we may have inherited a tendency from this cause, it is hardly operative in America, where nature is as brilliant as anywhere in the world. Goethe suggests that it may be due to weakness of sight, but this will not explain our ignorance of harmonies. Our Puritan ancestry is partly responsible. Our good and great forefathers regarded with disapprobation the use of color in the moral sphere. Color is purely aesthetic, hence they would have none of it.

The most active influence deterring us from the study of color is undeniably fashion. We take our cues from northwest Europe, which knows little more of color than we, and therefore color is not fashionable.—Harper's Bazaar.

AN EXPERT IN COW FLESH.

What He Didn't Know About Catfish Wants Worth Knowing.

Some years ago, when the cattle business was in its prime in Texas, and wealthy stockmen accompanied their shipments to the eastern markets, a party of these genial, free-and-easy gentlemen, who enjoyed life in the city clubs at breakfast in the Palmer house, Chicago. Naturally the conversation was somewhat stately.

"Bless your soul!" exclaimed a must-gold-watched individual from Kansas City, "I never depend on the weight in an estimate of my cattle. I can size a steer up with my naked eye within a few pounds of where he'll tip the beam."

"Oh yes," said one of the hosts, "you know the famous stock woman on one. Middy Morgan was wonderfully proficient in that line. All the big buyers wanted her opinion of a steer before anybody else's."

"Gentlemen," broke in an old long-horn, who had been apparently absorbed in a prolonged and frantic effort to cut his steak. "Gentlemen," laying down his knife and fork, readjusting his glasses, and with a smile, addressing the admiring morsel, "I reckon you would be surprised if I was to tell you that I am that proficient an cow flesh that I can tell the brand that was on the steer that meat was cut off 'em."

They all confessed that that would indeed be carrying the science to a wonderful degree of proficiency.

"Well, gentlemen," the oracle continued, solemnly, "I'll bet five hundred dollars, and throw in my gun to boot, that that steer was branded 'B.C.'—N. Y. Herald."

A Quarrel at the Club.

First Club Man.—You should respect my gray hair, and not use such language to me.

Second Club Man.—But, my dear sir, you are excited. You forgot you are old-head.

First Club Man.—That makes no difference. You should respect the gray hair I would have had if I had remained single.—Texas Siftings.

THE PRESIDENTIAL ELECTION.

Opinions of Leading Democratic Journals
on the Result.

A MAGNIFICENT VICTORY.

The premonitions of democratic victory which have been so strong during the past week have been more than realized. The men who a few republican politicians predicted from the popular uprising of two years ago have failed to materialize. The avalanche of 1888 has become a landslide in 1892. The republican sneer at the democracy as a sectional party has been proudly answered. North, south, east and west join in swelling the Cleveland column. Mr. Harrison's own state repudiated him. It is indeed a glorious, a magnificent victory.

What is best about it is that the triumph is one of principle—over one of the strongest conceivable combinations. Official patronage has been worked to the fullest extent to elect Mr. Harrison as it was to nominate him. In reckless defiance of the civil service rules the whole force of federal officeholders has been concentrated in the campaign and levied on for contributions to their party. There is not a head above the surface of the waves where the ship went down.

The new leaders having disappeared, the thoughts of the republican party might turn to the old leaders. But they are unavailable. Before the presidential election of 1892 those who are not already superannuated will have reached that condition.

THAT CAMPAIGN OF EDUCATION.



UNCLE SAM.—You miserable combination of knave and fool, will you never learn that lesson?—Chicago Herald.

To this combination there has been added boastfulness and bluster about the party's record; demagogic pretense of affection for the soldier and love for the workingmen, and the most persistent misrepresentation of democratic candidates and the democratic platform. That is, the demagogic pretense against such a combination, and that it has won solely on the strength of its principles and the confidence inspired by its candidates as the representatives of those principles, is ground for the heartiest congratulation. It gives the lie to the republican pretense that the people cannot be trusted. The people have shown that they can be trusted; and they have shown quite as emphatically as they cannot be bought.

One of the most plausible attributors to this grand result has undoubtedly been the secret ballot secured by the Australian system. As early in the season as when Maine and Vermont voted it was plainly indicated that the republican party had lost one of its heaviest weapons in being deprived of the power to intimidate voters. The party leaders recognized the importance of the secret ballot, which before they pretended to favor and desire. The result of yesterday reinforces the lesson of Vermont and Maine. In spite of the lavish use of money, which has been poured out like water by the party of so-called "protection," the masses have voted in accordance with their convictions and not with the dictates of "boss," "boss," overlord, or republican spy. Republican fears as to the disastrous possibilities of a secret ballot have been more than realized.

The rebuke which has been administered to McKinleyism is a crushing one—more crushing, indeed, than the rebuke of two years ago. That may have been due to the unceasing revolt against class legislation. The rebuke was administered in the light of two years' experience, and represented the calm, deliberate judgment of the people. Studied misrepresentation in the organs and on the stump as to the effects of McKinleyism on prices and wages could not blind the people to the facts of the case. In the sum of this tidal wave all the republican pretenses and where Maj. McKinley made such a do-de-do-his scheme of grafting republican ideas in the minds of college students. McKinleyism has shown itself particularly unpopular in the seats of learning.—Chicago Herald.

—Mr. Cleveland scored a great victory in Michigan, the town where Michigan is born, is raised, and where Maj. McKinley made such a do-de-do-his scheme of grafting republican ideas in the minds of college students. McKinleyism has shown itself particularly unpopular in the seats of learning.—Chicago Herald.

The people may well rejoice. It was their victory, won for them by the democracy under the most gallant leadership with which a party was ever blessed.—Detroit Free Press.

THEIR WORST MISFORTUNE.

The republicans have suffered some terrible misfortunes this year. They have lost their leadership, organization, through which they might form plans to retrieve defeat. With the loss of the presidency Harrison goes into retirement, and pitiful to say, under a cloud of domestic bereavement more melancholy than the most overwhelming political misfortune.

McKinley, the acknowledged leader of the party, has suffered a total loss in the general shipwreck. Hardly a vestige of Whitelaw Reid is to be found in the general smashup. Chauncey M. Dewey is buried in the widespread political ruin. The young men including Stot Farnett, Clarkson Carter and the campaign managers of less or greater activity, have been scattered in the total collapse of their party. There is not a head above the surface of the waves where the ship went down.

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Mother—Do you think that John is really trying to save his money since you are married? Wife—Oh, yes. Whenever he gets an expensive suit for himself he always insists upon me getting on without any at all.—Interior.

DAVID C. COOK.

The Pioneer Publisher of Sunday School Literature.

David C. Cook, of Chicago, the widely-known publisher of Sunday-school literature, was born in East Worcester, New York, in 1850, a son of E. S. Cook, a Methodist minister, and from the time of his birth was a member of the church. He studied in a schoolhouse. He began working in the Sunday-school in Chicago at the age of seventeen, teaching in his own church school and at the same time in one, and much of the time two, mission schools meeting at different hours.

In 1871, after the great fire, he left home and with three other young men, whom he persuaded to join him, rented rooms in one of the poorest and roughest parts of the burnt district of North Chicago, and gave himself to relief and mission work. Here he started "Everybody's Mission," in a German beer-hall and theater, afterwards removed to a building of its own. This mission, with an attendance of 350, became the nucleus of the worst elements he obtained for five years without financial aid from any church or society. He has since organized and superintended North Avenue Mission, Lake View Mission, and Lake View Union Schools in Chicago, and Grace Sunday School, Elgin, besides several smaller enterprises. His first publications were prepared only for his own schools; then, to help his expenses, he solicited orders from others. This was the beginning of a wonderful growth and popularity, which, in sixteen years, has made his name a household word.

"There is a way room at the top," but you had better carry up with you a big bottle of elixir.—Galveston News.

J. C. SIMPSON, Marquess, W. Va., says: "Hall's Catarrh Cure cured me of a very bad case of catarrh." Druggists send it, free.

"How do you know Jim is going on vacation?" "Because he always gets loaded before he goes off."—Boston Gazette.

Han's Honey of Horned and Tar Heels whipping cough. Price 10¢. Druggists Cure in one minute.

SYRUP OF FIGS

ONE ENJOYS

Both the method and results when Syrup of Figs is taken, is pleasant and refreshing to the taste, and acts gently yet promptly on the Kidneys, Liver and Bowels, cleanses the system effectively, dispels colds, headaches and fevers, and cures habitual constipation. Syrup of Figs is the only remedy of its kind ever produced, pleasing to the taste and acceptable to the stomach, prompt in its action and truly beneficial in its effects, prepared only from the most healthy and agreeable substances, its many excellent qualities commend it to all and have made it the most popular remedy known.

Syrup of Figs is for sale in 50c and \$1 bottles by all leading druggists. Any reliable druggist who may not have it on hand will procure it promptly for any one who wishes to try it. Do not accept any substitute.

CALIFORNIA FIG SYRUP CO.
SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.
NEW YORK, N.Y.

It is better to take Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil when that decline in health begins—the decline which precedes consumption—rather than wait for the germ to begin to grow in our lungs.

"Prevention is better than cure;" and surer. The saying never was truer than here.

What is it to prevent consumption?

Let us send you a book on CAREFUL LIVING; free.

Scott & Brown, Chemists, 135 South 9th Avenue, New York. Send us a stamp to receive Scott's Emulsion of cod-liver oil.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail 50c. E. T. Bassett, Warren, Pa.

FROM HEAD TO FOOT

you feel the good that's done by it. Here's Golden Medical Discovery, it purifies the blood. And through the blood, it cures, repairs and invigorates the whole system. It removes from "La Grippe," fever, or other wasting diseases, nothing can equal it as an antiseptic, antivomitive, tonic to build up the body and strengthen it. It acts every organ into natural action, protects the bodily functions, and restores health and vigor, for every disease that comes from a trivial liver or spleen trouble, dyspepsia, high tension, insomnia, anorexia, the most stubborn skin, scabies, ringworm, and other skin diseases. It is the only remedy we can find that can be guaranteed. It is doesn't benefit or cure every case, you may have your money back.

For a perfect and permanent cure for piles, diarrhoea, ulcerated rectum, piles, hemorrhoids, etc., send us a sample of Catarrh.

DR. KILMER'S SWAMP ROOT

Dissolves Gravel.

Gall stone, kidney disease, pain from the kidneys, rheumatism, gout, sciatica, neuralgia, piles, ulcerated rectum, piles, hemorrhoids, etc., send us a sample of Catarrh.

Bright's Disease,

Liver Complaint,

Catarrh of the Bladder,

Indigestion, irritation, inflammation, etc.,

Cure. Contents of One Bottle, if not less than 100 drams, will remove the patient from the hospital.

Drugs 25¢

SHILOH'S CURE.

SHILOH'S CURE.

Consumption, Coughs, Croup, Sore Throat.

Sold by all Druggists in a Convenient

Locality.

MOTHER'S FRIEND

LESSENS PAIN—INSURES SAFETY to LIFE of MOTHER and CHILD.

My wife, after having used Mother's Friend, passed through the ordeal with little pain, was stronger in one hour in a week after the birth of her former child. —Dr. J. J. Morris, Boston, Mass.

Beaufort, S. C.

Mrs. L. M. Aiken, Cochran, Ga.

Send express, charged postage on receipt of price, 25¢.

BRADFORD READING CO., ATLANTA, GA.

ELY'S CATARRH CREAM BALM

I had catarrh so bad there were great pains in my nose, one place was eaten through. My nose and head are well.

Two bottles of Ely's Cream Balm in 50c.

C. S. McMillin, St. Louis, Mo.

A particle is applied into each nostril and is absorbed by the mucous membrane.

ELEY BROTHERS, Warren St., New York.

BAY-FEVER

Unlike the Dutch Process

No Alkalies

Other Chemicals

are used in the preparation of

W. BAKER & CO'S BreakfastCocoa

which is a genuine product and

which is a genuine product and</p

THE GOLDEN CALF.

When the Idol Shakes Itself the Whole World Trembles.

The Tales and Lyrations in Stock and Money Exchange Not Unite the Tales and Lyrations of Heathens—Sergio by Rev. T. DeWitt Talmage, D.D.

The subject of discourse chosen by Rev. Dr. Talmage for his first sermon after the national election was one peculiarly appropriate to the money-making spirit of the times. It was "The Golden Calf," the text selected being Exodus 32:30, "And he took the calf which they had made, and burnt it in the fire, and ground it to powder, and strewed it upon the water, and made the children of Israel drink of it."

People will have a God of some kind, and they prefer one of their own making. Here come the Israelites, breaking off their golden ear rings, the men as well as the women, for in those times there were masculine as well as feminine decorations.

Where did they get these beautiful gold ear-rings? Up as they did from the desert? Oh, they "borrowed" them of the Egyptians when they left Egypt. These ear-rings are piled up into a pyramid of glittering beauty. "Any more ear-rings to bring?" they said.

Aaron. None. Fire is kindled; the ear-rings are melted and poured into a mold, not of an eagle or war charger, but of a calf, the gold cools off, the mold is taken away, and the idol is set upon its four legs. An altar is built in front of the shining calf. Then the people say, "This is our God, who made us like sheep, and dance mighty, and worship." Moses has been six weeks on Mt. Sinai, and he comes back and he hears the howling, and sees the dancing of these golden calf fanatics, and he loses his patience, and he takes the two plates of stone on which were written the Ten Commandments and flings them so hard against a rock that they split all to pieces. When a man gets mad like he is very angry, he breaks the Ten Commandments. Moses dashes in, and he takes this calf-god and throws it into a hot fire, until it is melted all out of shape, and then pulverizes it—not by the modern appliance of nitro-muriatic acid, but by the ancient appliance of niter or by the old-fashioned lie. He makes for the people a most nauseating draught.

He takes this pulverized golden calf and throws it in the only brook which is accessible, and the people continue to drink of the brook, and not drink at all. But they did not drink all the glittering stuff thrown on the surface. Some of it flows down the surface of the brook to the river, and then flows down the river to the sea, and the sea takes it up and bears it to the mouth of all the rivers, and when the tides set back the remains of this golden calf are carried into the Hudson and the East river, and the Thames and the Clyde and the Tiber, and men go to the temples of the golden calf, and they bring it ashore and they make another golden calf, and California and Australia break off their golden ear rings to augment the pile, and in the fires of financial excitement and struggle all these things are melted together, and while we stand looking and wondering what will come of it, lo! we find that the golden calf of Israelitish worship has become the golden calf of European and American worship.

I shall describe to you the godapomen of in the text, his temple, his altar of sacrifice, the music that is made in his temple, and then the final breaking up of the whole congregation of idolaters. Put aside this curtain, and you see the golden calf of modern idolatry. It is not like other idols, made out of stocks or stone, but it is made out of the pride of man, the chiseling of the workmen on Wall street and Third street and State street, and the footfalls of a Bank of England, and the flutter of a Frenchman's heart on the house. It has an eye so keen that it can see the rust on the farm of Michigan wheat and the insect in the Maryland peach orchard, and the trampled grain under the hoof of the Russian war charger.

It is so mighty that it swallows any way it will. The world is its cupping. It has its foot on all the merchantmen and the steamship lines. It started the American civil war, and under God stopped it, and it decided the Turko-Russian contest. One broker in September, 1869, in New York, shouted: "One hundred and sixty for a million" and the whole continent shivered. The golden calf of the text has its right front foot in New York, its left front foot in China, its right back foot in Boston, its left back foot in San Fran, and when it shakes itself, it shakes the world. Oh! this is a mighty god—the golden calf!

But every god must have its temple, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its temple is vaster than St. Paul's, or the English, and St. Peter's, of the Italians, and the Alhambra, of the Spaniards, and the cathedral of the Greeks, and the Taj Mahal of the Hindoo. All the other cathedrals put together. Its pillars are grooved, and fluted with gold, and its ribbed arches are hovering gold, and its chandeliers are descending gold, and its floors are tessellated gold, and its vanes are crowded heaps of gold, and its spires and domes are soaring gold, and its organ pipes are sounding gold, and its pedals are tramping gold, and its stops pulled out are flashing gold, while standing at the head of the temple, as the presiding deity, are the hoofs and

shoulders and eyes and ears and nostrils of the calf of gold.

For, every god must have not only one temple, but it is altar of sacrifice, and this golden calf of the text is no exception. Its altar is nothing but out of stone, as other altars, but out of counting-room desks and fire-proof safes, and it is broad, a long, a high altar. The victims sacrificed on it are innumerable.

What does this god care about the groans and struggles of the victims before it? With cold, metallic eye it looks on, yet lets them suffer. Oh! Heaven and earth, what an altar! what a sacrifice of body, mind and soul! The physical health of a great multitude is flung on this golden altar. They can not sleep, and they take chloral and morphine and intoxicants. Some of them struggle in a nightmare of stocks, and at 1 o'clock in the morning suddenly rise up shouting: "I am condemned and eight and half take it!" until the wretchedly is affrighted, and the sweating falls from his pillows and sleep until he is again awoken again by a "corner" or a sudden "rise" in something else. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The clergyman comes in, and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord"; the golden calf kicked them.

The trouble is, when men sacrifice themselves on this altar suggested in the text, they not only sacrifice themselves, but they sacrifice their families. If a man by an ill course is determined, I suppose you will have to let him go, but he puts his wife and children in an equipage that is the amazement of the aviators, and the driver lashes the horses into the whirlwinds, and the spokes shiver in the mud, and the golden head-gear of the harness gleams still. Black Calamity takes the bits of the horses and stops them, and shouts to the luxuriously occupied of the equipment: "Get out!" They get out. They get down. That husband and father flung his family so hard they never got up again. There was the mark on their life—the mark of a split hoof in the death-dealing hoof of the golden calf.

Solomon offered in one sacrifice, on one occasion, 22,000 oxen and 130,000 sheep. But that was a tame sacrifice compared with the multitude of men who are sacrificing themselves on this altar of the golden calf, and sacrificing their families with them. The soldiers of Gen. Hawkevick in India, walked literally deep in the mud, the mud being about one foot deep, "wrote two hundred women and children had been slain by the Sepoys, but the blood around about this altar of the golden calf flows up to the knee, flows to the girdle, flows to the shoulder, flows to the lip. Great God of Heaven and earth have mercy! The golden calf has none.

Still the degrading worship goes on, and the devotees kneel and kiss the golden calf, and they make crosses across themselves with the blood of their own sacrifice. The muskets roll on under the arches, it is made of clinching silver and clinking gold, and the rattling specie of the banks and brokers' shops and the voices of all the exchanges. The soprano of the worship is carried by the timid voices of men who have just begun to speculate; while the bass rolls out from them who for ten years, I suppose, have been decently dressed. Chorus of voices rejoicing over what they have made. Chorus of voices walling over what they have lost.

The tempest of which I speak stands open day and night, and there is the glittering god, with his four feet on broken hearts and the broken spirits of all these sacrifices, very mortified on it, and there are the knelling devotes, and the doxology of the worship rolls on, while Death stands, with maul and skeleton arm, beating time for the chorus—"More! more!"

Some people are very much surprised at the actions of folk on the stock exchange. In fact, it is a scene sometimes that is very surprising, and is beyond the imagination of any one who has never looked in.

What snapping of finger and thumb and wild gesticulation, and raving like buffaloes, and stamping like buffaloes, and swoing to and fro, and running one upon another, and deafening uproar until the president of the stock exchange strikes with his mallet four or five times, crying, "Order! order!" and the entire spectator goes out into the fresh air feeling that he has escaped from pandemonium. What does it all mean? I will tell you what it means. The devotees of every heathen temple cut themselves to pieces and yell and gyrate. This vociferation and gyrations of the stock-exchange is all摹仿 of the stock-exchange of the golden calf.

But my text says that this worship should be broken up, as the behavior of Moses in my text indicated. There are those who say that this golden calf spoken of in my text was hollow, and merely plated with gold; otherwise, they say, he could not have carried it. I do not know that; but somehow, by the assistance of his friends, he takes up this golden calf, which is set into the fire, and it is melted, and thrown into the fire, and is cooled off, and by some chemical appliance, or by an old-fashioned fire, it is pulverized, and it is thrown into the brook, and as a punishment the people are compelled to drink the nauseating stuff.

So, my hearers, you may depend upon

that God will burn and He will grind to pieces the golden calf of modern idolatry, and He will compel the people in their agony to drink it. If not before, it will be so on the last day. I know not where the first will begin, whether at the "Battery" or Central park, which stands at Brooklyn bridge or at Linck-wile, which stands at the West End or West End; but it will be a very hot blaze. All the government securities of the United States and Great Britain will curl up in the first blast. All the money safes and depositing vaults will melt under the first touch. The sea will burn like tinder, and the shipping will be abandoned forever. The golden calf of the brokers' window will burn through the glass and blow glass down into the street, but the flying population will not stop to scoop it up. The cry of "Fire" from the mountain will be answered by the cry of "Fire" in the plain. The conflagration will burn out from the continent toward the sea, and then burn in from the sea toward the land. New York will be one of the first cities to go up in flames, and the rest of the nation will follow.

A thousand shares of railroad stock—condemned and eight and half take it!" until the wretchedly is affrighted, and the sweating falls from his pillows and sleep until he is again awoken again by a "corner" or a sudden "rise" in something else. Their nerves gone, their digestion gone, their brain gone, they die. The clergyman comes in, and reads the funeral service: "Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord." Mistake. They did not "die in the Lord"; the golden calf kicked them.

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Twenty-four thousand miles of conflagration! The earth will wrap itself round and round in flame, and lie down to perish. What then will become of your golden calf? Who then so poor as to worship it? Melted, or between the upper and the nether millions of falling mountains ground to powder. Daeguus, with one end of the red serpent of destruction in his power.

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But my friends, every day is a day of judgment, and God is all the time grinding to pieces the golden calf. Merchants of Brooklyn, New York and London, what is the characteristic of this time in which we live? "Bad," say. Professional men, what is the characteristic of the times in which we live? "Bad," say. Think I will be in a minority.

I venture the opinion that these are the best times we have had for the reason that God is teaching the world, as never before, that old-fashioned honesty is the only thing that will stand.

We have learned, as never before, that forges will not pay; that the spending of \$50,000 on construction and a palace-like residence, when there is only \$10,000 worth of trust funds to their own private speculation will not pay; that the appropriation of trust funds to their own private speculation will not pay. We had a great national tumor, in the shape of fictitious property. We called it national enlargement; instead of calling it enlargement we might have called it a swelling. It has been a tumor, and God is cutting it out—but has cut it out—and the nation is healthy again.

He will allow you to come so close this morning that you can put your arms around His neck, while He in response will put His arms around your neck, and all the windows of Heaven will be opened to let the red light look out and the red light speak of a red-letter era and returned prodigal looked in glorious embrace. Quite worshipping the golden calf, and how this day before His in whose presence we must all appear when the world has turned to ashes and searched parchment of the sky shall be rolled together like an aspic scroll.

It is a state of funeral trappings, to Green wood, but you will have to leave them there. It would not be safe for you to lie down there with a gold watch or a diamond ring; it would be a temptation to the pillagers.

Ah, my friend! if we have made this world our God, when we die we will not go down ground to please by our pillow, but we will go down to hell it is a state of regret for the wasted opportunities of a lifetime. Soon we will be gone. Oh this is a fleeting world, it is a dying world. A man who had worshipped it all his days, in his dying moment described himself when he said: "Fool fool! fool!"

I want you to change temples, and to change and grow in the service of the Lord Jesus Christ. Here is the gold that will never crumble. Here are securities that will never fail. Here are banks that will never break. Here is an altar on which there has been one sacrifice once for all.

Here is a God who will comfort you when you are in trouble, and save you when you are in danger. Your parents have abandoned their last, their old, wrinkled and trembling hands can no more be put upon your head for a blessing. He will be to you father and mother both, giving you the defense of the one and the comfort of the other; and when your children go away from you, the sweet darlings, you will not kiss them good-bye forever. He will be to you to hold you for a little while, till you will return back to you again, and He will have them all waiting for you at the gates of eternal welcome. Oh, what a God He is!

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THE LONGEST SWIM.

A Steady Pull of Seventeen Miles on a Clifty October Evening.

The longest swim ever made without the aid of artificial help, such as life preservers, life suits, etc., was made by Samuel Brock, a Yarmouth (Eng.) beachman, on the night of October 14, 1863. On the afternoon of the 14th Brock had noticed a small sea signal, given by a pilot. He left with nine others, started for the vessel in the yawl Increase. At 4 o'clock they came up alongside the ship, which proved to be the Spanish brig *Paquebote Ilbillon*. A pilot and three beachmen were put on board and the Increase then went for shore, which was twelve miles distant. At 6:30 o'clock, when the needful, and still six miles off, the vessel was lost in the darkness, all on board except Brock. From the way that flood tide was beating off shore it soon became evident to the man in the water that if he ever did manage to reach the land alive he would have to swim about fifteen miles in a roundabout way. A small sea drove him out over Cross-sand ridge before the 9 o'clock mark, when he was about two hours from the land. It was a long two hours and a half before the nearly exhausted swimmer caught sight of the bell and light buoys themselves. It was now nearly midnight and Brock had been in the chilly water about five hours. Within the next hour he sighted a vessel at anchor, and by an almost superhuman effort managed to get within about two hundred yards, when he was about two hours from the land. He was immediately hauled up and the half-drowned man taken on board. The vessel proved to be the *Betay of Sunderland* and her place of anchorage about six miles and three-fourths from where the Increase capsized. Thus it was proven that Brock had made the remarkable distance of nearly seventeen miles in seven and a half hours on that chilly October night.—St. Louis Republic.

The Mount Washington Seven Light. Height of mountain, 4,830 feet above sea level seems at first sight a curious location at which to install an electric search light, and it will be admitted that few men would have ever conceived the idea of making the experiment. To Mr. L. H. Rogers must be attributed the honor of first suggesting that a search light would be an attraction on the top of Mount Washington, and that it could be installed there safely. Mount Washington, as is well known, is the highest mountain in the states east of the Rockies and north of the Carolinas, and belongs to the White Mountain range in New Hampshire. Large numbers of people visit these mountains every summer, and beautiful little towns and large hotels are in the surrounding valleys.—Scientific American.

—How a Yankee Answers a Question.—Housewife (to a man)—Do you want to eat Yankee pie, the Yankee pie, the Yankee pie?—Yankee (with a comprehensive glance toward the wood pile)—Has you any wood to saw?—Yankee Bladie.

—All Right.—In the chair—I say, barber, you're your rasser in a good condition.—Barber—Well, it ought to be, sah. I hasn't been to any party lately, sah.—Yankee Bladie.

—Nothing keeps a stingy man from stealing but the risk of the thing.—Barber's Hora.

PERSONAL AND LITERARY.

The late William Bradbury, the London publisher, was senior member of the firm that brought out Dickens' earliest stories, and to guard against leakage Mr. Bradbury and his brother, being practical printers, themselves act Dickens' manuscript.

—Prof. E. N. Hornor, of Cambridge, the true believer of Ericsson as the true discoverer of the ironclad, has received from the king of Denmark the decoration of a knight of the Royal Order of Cannebrog. This is a very ancient order of knighthood—it was founded in the middle ages—reserved for a score or two of persons of distinction.

—During a recent visit in Morocco the mob threatened the house of the British Envoy, Sir Charles Euan-Smith, in order to obtain the release of the two brought by him for the sultan's acceptance. In the thick of the insurrection, Lady Euan-Smith, who is, by the way, a soldier's daughter, displayed her coolness by calmly photographing the rioters with her kodak.

—Mrs. Rundell-Charles, author of the Schubert-Cotta Family, lives in a pretty cottage near Hampstead Heath, London. She very pleasant and cheerful in manner, and is the possessor of a fine figure and face. At present there is a prospect that she may return to her writing of fiction. She has just finished compiling a series of small devotional works.

—A curious book, in which the text is neither written nor printed, but woven, has lately been published in Lyons. It is made of silk, and was published in twenty-five parts. Each part consists of five leaves, each page containing only one line, interwoven with the series of the mass and several prayers. Both the letters and the borders are in black silk on a white background.

—Honam Priole had a chance of some length with Tennyson in a public conveyance. "In Memoriam" proving the subject of most of it. When it became necessary for them to stop, he put out his hand and said: "Who are you?" I must know who you are." But Honam Priole said, "No, I'm nobody," and the story is so told as to indicate that he did not reveal himself.

—Mrs. Frances Hodgson Burnett wrote a letter to a London boys' club, in which she says: "I used to say to my own two boys: 'You are like the bleak of marsh, which is to be made into a school.' You young people are like the marsh, you chisel it into a figure which is beautiful and noble or one that is distorted and base. Every ungenuous act, every hurtful word, every namby-pamby thought is a false stroke of the chisel and marks the statue."

—The marquise de Bloisneville, who died a few days ago in Paris, was formerly one of the most brilliant French beauties. Her countenance was considerably pallid during her illness. The marquise was a great favorite at the court of Louis Philippe, and was the intimate friend of Queen Amelia and the duchess of Orleans. In early womanhood her features were of the perfect Greek type, her eyes and hair a brilliant black. Enthusiastic writers of Louis Philippe's day described her as divine, and her gait and carriage as those of a goddess. She was a handsome woman at the time of her death.

HUMOROUS.

—An Imaginative Writer.—"Why do you call him an imaginative writer?" "I've heard him speak about the prices he gets for his articles."—Demorest's Magazine.

—It was in the School of Design.—Professor—"What you have just drawn there looks more like a cow than a horse."—*Uppi!*—"It is a cow, sir!"—Boston Courier.

—John, here's a lung red hair on you!—I'll pull your sheet is ripped too."—"Yes, dear, I just pull the hair on there myself so that you'd notice the tear."—Judy.

—"Papa, can I smoke?" asked Hal. "Oh no, my boy. You are too little to smoke." "Don't see why," said Hal. "I saw a hot potato smoke to-day, and it was little in me."—Harper's Bazaar.

—"So you have got a wife," said Jones to a newly-married man. "Don't you think it's a pity," replied the man, with evident enthusiasm. "I think I've got her, and sometimes I think she's got me. You see, I've been married only a few months, and I can't tell just yet how the combination is going to turn out."

—She (waiting in the hall)—"Did you eat, George?" He (exitedly)—"I did, but I must go. Good-bye." She—"What's the matter?" Stop and tell me. You must be ill." He (taking out his watch and glancing at it)—"He gave me just two minutes to get out of the house."—N. Y. Press.

—An old darky called at the local Keeley institute the other day. "You are not a drunkard, are you, uncle?" asked the doctor, in some surprise, scanning the tiny-looking old fellow. "No, sir, I ain't. I belong to the old Kentucky, and that made me feel good, but I'm tired of being so long as I am. I thought maybe you'd give an old man a few of dem gold shots, so I'd feel rich, an' den (lowering his voice) I'm going to be a deacon ob de church, an' wants to get rid of die yer chicken habit."—St. Louis Republic.

The Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, EDITOR.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
FRIDAY, : Dec. 30, 1892.

CURRENT NEWS AND COMMENT.

The Kentucky legislature should at once enact a bill donating \$100,000 towards an exhibition of the mineral and timber interests of our state. To be niggardly in the matter now is suicidal to development, and especially is this the case with regard to Eastern Kentucky. Other sections of the state have time and again had state aid in various ways. Capitalists have thus been attracted, and development progressed. But Eastern Kentucky has so far been kept in the background by these more favored sections, and as a consequence is comparatively unknown. Our representatives should, therefore, do all that is possible to secure this appropriation, but at the same time they should throw around the appropriation such safe guards as will insure a full share of the expenditure to an exhibit of Eastern Kentucky's resources. An exhibit of our resources at Chicago next year would incite investment, and immigration to the mountains of Kentucky soon inhabit our hills. By all means, gentlemen, vote the appropriation, and give our end of the state a show.

CAPT. JAMES BLACKBURN is an applicant for the position of interim revenue collector in the seventh district, and all good Democrats of the mountain counties will wish to endorse him for the place. In time of need he is one man from the blue grass that we can always count on, and, remembering the readiness with which he responds, mountain Democrats are for him to a man. Let Jim Blackburn have the place by all means, for the laborer is worthy his hire, and Jim Blackburn has made more sacrifices for Democratic success than any Democrat in the seventh district.

THE Live Stock Record, the oldest horse paper in Kentucky, and one of the best in the country, on Saturday issued its holiday number, which is a beauty. The front page is done in colors and contains a picture of a model race horse, while the inside is embellished with the pictures of many prominent race horses and replete with information about the stock farms of that section. Every man interested in the breeding of fine stock should be a subscriber to this valuable paper. Address the publishers, Lexington, Ky., and get sample copies and terms.

EAST from Hazel Green, and not over fifteen miles away, lies a body of canal coal greater in quantity than all in the world beside, and the quality is not equaled upon the habitable globe. We refer to the canal coal fields on Caney, which embrace thousands of acres in extent. Can we afford, therefore, to miss an exhibit at Chicago's world fair in 1893? Nay, verily.

CHARLES A. HADIN, formerly a resident of Louisville, is under surveillance in that city for robbing an express package of \$25,000 that was en route to Galveston, Texas, but his accusers have so far failed to establish his guilt or even find incriminating evidence. Meantime the missing money is not found, and the seal is shrouded in mystery's most sombre robes.

A DECADE of development would demonstrate that the mountains of Eastern Kentucky is worth more in mineral and timber wealth than all the state beside.

The thermometer registered 25 degrees below zero at Fergus Falls, Minn., on Sunday night, and from 12 to 24 degrees below was not unusual throughout the northwest.

GOV. BUCHANAN, of Tennessee, on Saturday pardoned twenty-five convicts out of the Nashville penitentiary, but Henry Clay King, Poston's murderer, was not among the lucky ones.

W. C. BENTON, the pension agent recently fined \$500 by Judge Barr in the United States court at Covington, preferred a ten-days' incarceration to paying the fine, and is now "doing time" in the Covington bastile.

THE HERALD is in possession of some awfully encouraging railroad news for the people hereabout, but will not make it public for sometime. Watch these columns, and as soon as we see a few more pointers we'll serve 'em to you hot.

Two counterfeitors, Joe and Fred Reynolds, were arrested at Joplin, Mo., and a quantity of spurious coin, dollars and halves, found upon their persons. Their shanty was riddled and the dies and tools captured. They had used the "queer" quite freely in that section.

THE Kentucky legislature should at least be consistent. It spends valuable time in reducing the salary of a paper that it may appear as a model of economy, and upon the heels of it votes itself a salary for services not rendered. Such consistency puts to shame the crown jewel.

The legislature voted itself a holiday from Dec. 23, 1892, to Jan. 2, 1893, and voted also that no deduction in pay should result from absenteeism. When the law-makers thus defraud and rob the tax-payer what may we not expect from the officials selected to enforce the law? The sequence to steal would not be unnatural.

The Courier-Journal of Saturday says "In order to get away on the 9:35 train yesterday morning, the members of the honest Frankfort, which stood adjourned from Thursday to meet at 10 o'clock Friday, met shortly after breakfast, turned up the hands of the house clock till they rested at the hour of 10, received a messenger from the governor and adjourned for the holiday season in ample time for the train. It is hardly necessary to add that this is not the first time that the legislature has committed violence upon old Father Time."

POLITICIANS who have been busy for some time in preparing a cabinet for President Cleveland, give out the following as the result of their labors. If Mr. Cleveland will pardon the suggestion—supposing, of course, that the slate as made up here is his choice—we think he has made a mistake in not making Mr. Carlisle his secretary of state. However, if it suits the president-elect, we have nothing more to say. But here is the "slate":

Secretary of state—Edward J. Phelps, of Vermont.
Secretary of the treasury—John G. Carlisle, of Kentucky.
Secretary of the navy—Daniel S. Lamont, of New York.
Secretary of war—Patrick A. Collins, of Massachusetts.

Postmaster general—Izaac Pusey Gray, of Indiana.

Secretary of the interior—Chief Justice Pinney, of Wisconsin, or William R. Morrison, of Illinois.
Attorney general—George Gray,

of Delaware, or J. Randolph Tucker, of Virginia.

Secretary of agriculture—Charles H. Jones, of Missouri, or William H. Hatch, of Missouri.

Hon. M. C. Liske, of Clark county, recently elected to congress from the tenth district by majority of 2,200, will be one of the youngest members of the lower house. He was born on Four Mile creek, in Pinhook precinct, Clark county, Ky., September 23, 1862; attended common schools and worked on a farm until he was seventeen years of age, after which he attended the city schools of Winchester, attended Kentucky University from 1881 to 1884, and then Columbia College law school from 1885 to 1887; was editor and proprietor of the Winchester Democrat from 1887 to 1889; was elected county judge of Clark county in August, 1890; was married in April, 1887, to Miss Lizzie Buckner Benn, of Clark county.—Kentucky Register.



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HAZEL GREEN, KY., May 10, 1892.

To the Trade of Eastern Kentucky, Contiguous to Hazel Green: We have this day completed arrangements with the above named firm and will handle their goods in large quantities. We especially invite an inspection by the merchants, as we are prepared to duplicate any and all prices quoted in Louisville, Cincinnati or Knoxville. Merchants can buy these goods almost at their doors and save large freight bills. We are prepared at any and all times to furnish these goods in any and every quality, size and price. All we ask is a trial. Respectfully, &c., J. T. DAY & CO., Represented by ED. GREEN.

Hazel Green, Ky.

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is easily earned by any one of either sex in any part of the country, who is willing to work industriously and honestly. The labor is light and pleasant, and you can run no risk whatever. You will not complain, so that we can give you the best guarantee for your money. For those willing to do a little work, we will give you a dollar a hour, for those who will work all day, or in the evening only. If you are employed, and have a few spare hours at your disposal, you will find this a profitable business. Your business will not interfere at all. You will be given full charge of the establishment and case day out. Even beginners are successful from the first. You should try nothing else until you see for yourself what you can do at the business. This is a business that can be learned by any grand worker; nowadays they make as much as men. They should try this business, as it is so simple and requires no capital. Apply for yourself. Address H. HALLETT & CO., Box 890, Portland, Me.

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No. 12, W. Short St., Lexington, Ky.

Regular Meals 25 cents. Meals to Order at All Hours. Breakfast from 5 A. M. to 9 A. M. Dinner from 10 A. M. to 3 P. M. Supper from 5 P. M. to 9 P. M. Oysters, Lamb Fries, Fish, Chickens and Quail a specialty. Open from 5 A. M. to 12 P. M.

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WHOLESALE CLOTHING MANUFACTURERS.

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FIRST-CLASS JOB PRINTING

At this office at second-class rates. Give us a call when you want printing and save money. REFERENCE—Any and everybody who have done work for us in the past.

THE MAYTOWN MILL CO. Fashionable Dressmaking.

Is running continually and doing the best work at the lowest prices. Special accommodations for customers from a distance. Without detriment to our house trade.

No Bids Offered for Bad Rolls!

We do not make them and have no demand for them in our trade.

THE MAYTOWN MILL CO., 117, W. MANKER, Manager.

NEATLY, CHEAPLY AND PROMPTLY EXECUTED AT THIS OFFICE. Send your order.

I am now prepared to eat, fit and make dresses and all kinds of garments in the latest style. I can define garments and prices reasonable. Also, teach the art of cutting and fitting by chart. Respectfully, MRS. F. N. DAY.

C. COMBS HOUSE, CAMPTON, KY.

S. S. COMBS, PROPRIETOR.

The patronage of the traveling public is respectfully solicited. Take the best and every attention to the comfort of guests.

DENTIST.

KELZ, KY.

Hazel Green Herald.

SPENCER COOPER, Publisher.

HAZEL GREEN, ILLINOIS.

UNDER THE DAISIES.

Under the daisies they laid my heart—
Flowers strewed, the cold ground under;
Doubtless no power true love to part.
A few violets, a few bluebells, a slender,
Daisies and violets hot and bloom,
And the sun kissess them as they grow.
But in the daisies I lay my heart,
For ever with the heart that it loves so!

Daisies fair, blow soft and sweet;
And cover my head from head to feet;
Nor let the cold wind or her blow,
Her whisper soft that I miss her so!

Never again though the days grow long,
Still I hear her in my heart's breast;
Never again shall I see the sun,
That soothed my heart in its vague unused;

Never again shall her lips press mine;

Through the years that come, or the years
that go,

But my face shall bear the add line
Of a heart that broke as it loved her so!

Daisies fair, blow soft and sweet,
And cover my head from head to feet;
Nor let the cold wind or her blow,
Her whisper soft that I miss her so!

Will she know me, when I meet her there,
Where her loyal soul has swayed down,
She, who will still be young and fair,
And I, who, though married, have other grown?

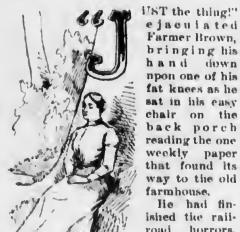
Will she still be young and fair,
With hands outstretched, and her face aglow,
And say, "Dear heart, I love you more
Than when I left you so long ago!"

Daisies fair, blow soft and sweet,
And cover my head from head to feet;
Nor let the cold wind or her blow,
Her whisper soft that I miss her so!

E. S. Crannell, in Albany Journal.

MARTHA'S RECREATION.

Why a Good Receipt Failed in Her Case.



"It's the thing!"
Said even in a ted
Farm—He was
bringing his
hand down
upon one of his
fat knees as he
sat in his easy
chair on the
back porch
reading the one
weekly paper
that found its
way to the old
farmhouse.

He had fin
ished the rail
road horrors
murders and
suicides, bad
taken a long survey of the market re
ports, and, to pass the half hour before his early bedtime, had wandered into the "show department" of the store.

"Well, I'll take the thing for Martha!" She is looking pretty peaked this summer. Carl's how little women can stand nowadays. Every little job of extra work tickles 'em right out."

"Here, mother," as a slim, weary looking woman came slowly up from the cellar where she had been straining the night's milk. "Here's your time to elirk you up, and I swear, we'll do it." "Recreation for Women. How about that?" said the farmer's wife needs to make her chick and lively is a picnic once in awhile, or a jaunt in the woods to gather moss and such like. As for the moss, why couldn't you go down to the clearing in the woods to the back pasture? We'll do the hill thing. I don't want you down since the rest of the work is over. We'll get to the top of the hill to the farmers' picnic after to-morrow. I feel like havin' a holiday myself."

"Well, Robert, if you think best we'll try to go," said mother, as she washed the mille pails and turned them up on the sink to dry. "But I don't feel a bit like it. I don't know as I can get 'em all ready, coming the first of the week so. The girls' dresses'll have to be done, and the boy's clothes and all the laundry, and the work back terribly with my week's work."

"That's always the way you argue. Let the girls wear anything. I do my best to have you enjoy yourself, and have an easy time of it, and I am set on your goin' this time."

"I'll try and get ready. Robert, I want to go only things get behind so if I lose a day that I have to work all the harder to catch up again."

"You'll have the time to work after your holiday. I'll do you lots of good," he replied, nodding his head emphatically and picking up his head again.

"This woman writer says: 'If women will take more recreation they won't grow old nor wear out so fast, and will be as peart and jolly.' Just read it once! Never mind them clothes just yet. You won't hurt 'em if the dew finds 'em."

"Sar, Martha, is my best shirt done up?" he called to the brown figure sitting among the shadows, stripping the clothes from the line and heaping them in the basket of her side.

"It is here. I'll iron it to-morrow."

"Emily," she called to a half-grown girl who was passing through the yard with a basket of eggs. "Baby is crying again. Come and help me. But until I get the clothes folded and the soap set for bread, tell Sadie ready for Robbie and Joe ready for bed."

"Yes, girls, take the babies for me. She's got a lot to do. We're all going picnicing Wednesday."

"Is ma going?" inquired Emily,

whose experience in picnics was limited to the few school gatherings which she and Sadie had attended.

"Why, certain! That's what we're going for—to give your man a rest. She's worked too hard lately, with all the hayin' an' harveatin' hands to do for. She needs a change. And the carpenters are coming next week to fix the barn. She must take her chance between times of rest up."

"Well, we have to have something out of common to take along for lunch, Martha. How would some of them cinnamon rolls do that I like so well, and the traifin' cake that mother used to make, and one of the lemon pies that Aunt Harriet showed you how to make, with the white frostin' all over it. We shall want to have things as good as the rest. Most all the neighbors are gone. I heard that Mrs. Hart had it at the store. But I didn't think much about our goin' till I read that piece. That kinder opened my eyes. I



MARTHA RUSHED WILDLY DOWN THE PATH.

swun, I believe there is something in that."

The following day was a busy one at the Brown farm, baking, ironing, dressing children, lifting out of tubs, trimming and remodeling hats, besides churning and getting the three hearty meals. At just eleven o'clock that night, Martha finished polishing the last little shoe and set it in the row with the rest, five pairs of them altogether, not a button missing, and shining like a mirror.

"I believe that is all I can do to take care of the house," she said.

"We shall have to be up early in the morning, and she crept carefully into bed beside her sleeping baby, too tired to even think.

"I must be gettind dreadfully dull," she thought, next morning, when the voices of the happy children had aroused her from her deep sleep of utter exhaustion. "Once I would have been overjoyed at the thought of spending a day at the lake, but I feel as though I could give the world to lie in bed all day."

Breakfast was eaten in a hurry, and the buskets packed with the fried chicken and accompaniments. The lemon pie had not been forgotten, and the spicy cinnamon rolls filled the pantry with fragrance. Then there were the jellies, and the jug of tea and the bottle of milk for the baby. She clumped into the wagon, and we'll all take the road to town. Mrs. Hart, as she stood, waiting in hush, waiting for Martha to tie it on for him. At last they were all ready and Sadie had driven on the wagon around to the front gate. Martha had forgotten, in the hurry and bustle of getting them all ready, to set out the hired man's dinner, and that must be done, as every farmer's wife knows. At last she lifted up a baby, a heavy child of eighteen months, and set him after the driver, the Brown woman to their horses for their holiday.

It was a lively morning, and the ride would have been delightful to anyone less tired and worn-out than Martha was. It was not a very easy wagon, and it rattled noisily over the stony road. Martha wondered vaguely how it would seem to bowl along at the same rate of speed in Judge Peule's phaeton that would fit his fine wife tasseled and ribbed in the room. Then, she thought, the phaeton would not hold all the babies, who were chattering and laughing so gaily in the back of the wagon, and poor faithful Martha would not have given up her babies for all the grandeur in the world. She had always felt a sort of pity for the judge's wife, who lived in the big lonely house with no children's voices in it.

The long ride came to an end at last, and they drove up in the beautiful grove which surrounded the lake. Long tables were already being covered with snowy cloths, and decorated with flowers and evergreen branches. Way matrons and happy maidens were sitting everywhere, opening hampers, starting fires and luring gipsy kettles. It all seemed like fairy land to the little ones, who were jumping and shouting with excitement. Martha was afraid to have them out of her sight at first, with the lake so near, the merry-ground, and the roller coaster, to say nothing of the baseball grounds and running matches.

So kept them all near her while she visited with neighbors and helped here and there about the tables. But after dinner was over, and the fragments of food were gathered up and placed in their respective baskets, Martha felt that she must get away by herself and rest. The twins were intrusted to Emily and Sadie, with many admonitions in regard to their safety, while

Mr. Brown agreed to look after baby, and walked away with him to see the bears and monkeys.

It was a very pleasant seat that Martha found at the foot of a big maple on the highest bank of the lake. She could see its silvery surface dimpling in the sunlight, dotted with boats, while the steamer plowed its way back and forth with its merry load of pleasure seekers. Across the water, the campers were gleaming from leafy bower, and the blue smoke from their camp fires curled lazily upward in the distance. How restful it all was, and how kind of Robert to make her come. She felt that she could sit there forever and watch the silver waves and the silvery clouds scudding across the blue sky.

Marta noticed that the little redwings were flying about the tangle of white lilies on the opposite side, and she remembered half-regretfully, a similar scene in which she had participated. How long ago it seemed when she was young and care-free. She was a bit of a flirt in those days, this staid Martha Brown, and quite the belle of her rural neighborhood. To-day she remembered Ross Harding and the little boat—just because she could not remember him, she told herself. He had a sweet bed among the lilies and had fastened some of the buds in her hair, and she had pinned one on his coat. Martha was surprised to find how vividly his words came back to her to-day across all the years: "You are like them, Mattle, I shall soon gather you from the parent stem and wear you always next my heart, and you will have the care and responsibility." This must all stop. If she recovers from the attack. She must have rest, and in order to have it, she must be placed in a condition to receive it. In other words, her mind must be at rest. It will do no good for her to stop work, stop worrying about the children, and about affairs generally, unless she knows that the work is going on right, that the children are properly cared for, and that affairs at around are prospering. Your wife is one of the salt of the earth," Mr. Brown. Keep her with you as long as you can. You will never be able to replace her, just as I am to your interests. When she is gone, life will lose most of its attraction for you. You love her loyalty, but you have been blind. Open your eyes now, and see how some of the eyes you have helped to accumulate, in prolonging her life and making her happy and useful to you.

It was a plain lecture, and Farmer Brown understood it. He was a good man and loved his wife devotedly. He had been blind, but now he could see. The doctor had opened his eyes. His wife lived. It was a long, hard struggle, but good care and a good constitution came out victorious, and after that Mrs. Brown never had occasion to complain. She had been a good wife, and was watching the long string of passengers coming up from the steamer, and were now knee-deep in the water, splashing their chubby legs about in great glee, utterly regardless of Emily's commands to come to shore. Much relieved to find them in no particular danger, Martha soon got them to the shore, dried their legs, put on their shoes and stockings, then took them to the pictures, farmer's reunions, to social gatherings, or take a pleasure trip, without being "done out" getting ready, and under such restful conditions and assurance she regained her health completely, and lived long to bless her children and raise them up to useful and honorable manhood and womanhood.—Phoebe Kinder, in Ohio Farmer.

Natural Gait of Horses.
"Speaking of gaits," said the cattlemen to the delegate, "did you know that in the natural gait of the horse has but two gaits—the walk and gallop? All others, such as the trot, pace, canter, fox-trot, rack and single foot, can be either natural or artificial. True, a colt may be born that may pace on the day of its birth, but you will find that some of its ancestors have been taught to pace. I have chased and captured wild horses in their native wilds and know the from observation. I never saw a wild horse that could do this. A queer difference between wild horses and domestic ones is exhibited in breaking them. Now a wild horse tries to dismount his rider by pitching and bucking, and it is the aim of the trainers to make him run. Get a wild horse to running straight ahead and he is conured and will in a short time become docile. But with domestic stock just the opposite is the case. A tame horse does not buck as a rule. He wants to run and him run and he is ruined. The picture of the business is plain. The idea is to bend the will of the horse to the rider's desire. The wild horse runs straight ahead because he is coward and afraid of his rider, and has despised of throwing him. The tame horse runs because he has no fear of the rider and inasmuch as he is escaping. He is made to do so only through fear and respect. Thus you see, the wild horse runs to slavery, while the tame horse runs to freedom."—Cincinnati Times-Star.



"WHERE IS BABY?"
Haven't you seen him? Well! Well! Don't fret. I dare say he is all right. We'll soon find him."

But Martha had regained her strength for the moment and was rushing frantically to the front group to group, and from one point to another. At last, after a wearisome search, they found him cuddled close to the monkey cages, fast asleep. Martha drew a great sigh of relief that ended in a sob, as she pressed him to her heart, and looked around to see if any of the rest were missing. No, there was no sign of any trouble. She hurried them to the wagon, and then to the car, where they would be comfortable in their long ride. Her feet were soaking wet, where she had gone over shoes in the bog in her scare about Robbie

and Joe, and she was shivering and aching in every fiber of her body.

"We are going to be late home," said Mr. Brown as he hitched his big horses to the wagon, "but I guess we can stand it for once; we don't go anywhere very often."

Late that night Farmer Brown knocked at the door of Widow Jones' cottage. "I want you to come over to the doctor," he said. "She is burnin' up with fever, and talkin' like mad. Thinks the twins are drownin' in amongst the water lilies. It beats all how little that woman can stand. It doesn't appear to hurt her a peg around all day at work, but that little jaunt to the picnic-to-day just used her up. Maybe recreation's a good thing, but I don't agree with Martha."

The doctor came, inspired into all the circumstances and details, examined the delirious patient carefully, prescribed for her and then sought her husband.

"Mr. Brown," said he, "you will be likely to lose your wife."

"My wife ails! Tain't so bad as that is it? I mean she was just done going to the grave."

The picnic would have done her good, but she had not been 'done out' before she went. The fact is, she's working too hard, too constantly, too many hours. She has too much care upon her mind. She is one of the women who cannot shirk responsibility as long as it rests upon her. My, man alive! She has taken two steps to your one during the last ten or fifteen years. She has worked at home and half at work, and she has had double the care and responsibility. This must all stop. If she recovers from the attack. She must have rest, and in order to have it, she must be placed in a condition to receive it. In other words, her mind must be at rest. It will do no good for her to stop work, stop worrying about the children, and about affairs generally, unless she knows that the work is going on right, that the children are properly cared for, and that affairs at around are prospering. Your wife is one of the salt of the earth," Mr. Brown. Keep her with you as long as you can. You will never be able to replace her, just as I am to your interests. When she is gone, life will lose most of its attraction for you. You love her loyalty, but you have been blind. Open your eyes now, and see how some of the eyes you have helped to accumulate, in prolonging her life and making her happy and useful to you.

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Ready for an Emergency.
Young Trotter (anonymously)—I hope, Miss Clara, your young brother won't touch my new silk hat in the hall. I hear him playing there.

Miss Pinkerly—Would you like to have me speak to him about it?

Trotter—Yes, I wish you would.

Miss Pinkery—Willie, bring Mr. Trotter to the parlor and put him down by his chair, where he can reach it at any moment.—Clothes and Furniture.

A Sample Tradesman's Challenge.
Any person who can show me that my cocoa is injurious to health will receive ten boxes gratis."—Flegende Blatter.

SCHOOL AND CHURCH

—Students in the university of Berlin may have their choice of 716 lectures.

—Of the 2,747 Congregational ministers in England and Wales 2,000 do not drink alcoholic liquors as a beverage.

—In Human China, a woman of fifty years of age sent a missionary two beautifully gilded images, with a message that she had no more use for them.

—There are in the United States, Canada, England and Scotland thirty-two women's missionary societies. They collect annually over a million dollars and support 1,307 missionaries.

—Bishop Brennan of Texas, now archbishop of the Catholic province of Dallas, is the second man of his rank in the world, and his elevation is said to be Pope Leo's own personal choice.

—The Mysorean church in India is one of the least important of churches, but judged by its missionary work it is one of the foremost. During the past year it expended in its foreign mission work £35,469.

—The clergyman who has continuingly one pupil longer than any other divine in the country is Rev. Dr. Furness, of Philadelphia. He age is ninety, and for sixty-eight years he has been pastor of one church.

—During the first year of Gen. Booth's efforts to relieve the poor in Bengal 2,501,148 persons were supplied, of whom 1,007,504 were half-penned dinners. Two hundred ex-criminals are said to have been reformed during that time.

—Fr. Martin, who has been elected general of the Society of Jesus by the conclave at Alzepur, Spain, is the youngest member ever chosen to the office, with the exception of one of the earlier generals, who succeeded to the office when only thirty-five years old. Fr. Martin is forty-four years of age.

—Senator Stanford has announced that his life interest is settled in the university at Palo Alto, which he founded in 1885. In his will, he directs, he says, to give an equal portion of his fortune during his lifetime and set aside the remainder to his wife when he can no longer care for it. Open your eyes, however, and see how some of the eyes you have helped to accumulate, in prolonging her life and making her happy and useful to you.

—The recent statistical quarterly statement of the German empire reports the latest religious data of the country. According to these Germany has 31,026,810 Protestant subjects; 15,874,921 Roman Catholics; 145,540 other Christians; 2,755,854 Jews; 562 adherents of Mohammed; and 12,738 without any religious profession. The total population is 49,428,476.

UNDER DIFFICULTIES.

The French Sending Message Through the German Lines.

The methods employed by the Parisian authorities for communicating with the provinces during the siege of Paris were persevering and ingenious. The principal means of sending letters was by balloons and carrier pigeons, but other plans were tried. It was almost impossible for a messenger to get through the German lines. Even when other difficulties could be overcome, the danger of capture and discovery of a messenger was great.

Attempts were made to cross the enemy's lines, by following the caves and natural tunnels under the left branch of the Seine, and by diving and crossing the bed of the river in diving suits, but these plans failed. An curious scheme was the putting of letters into little hollow squares with an orifice to admit the dispatches. These were small and light; they looked like buttons, and in which dispatches could be hidden. One was accustomed to hide under an artificial hollow tooth. These dispatches, of course, were written in cipher, and covered only a fragment of paper.

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A Deserved Compliment.

Irvine is blessed with one citizen who attends strictly and promptly to his own business, and does not pry into or meddle with other people's business. He is a thorough scholar, a linguist, concise and logical reasoner, and strong in debate. He never loses his temper. No matter what you hurl at him he will meet it face to face with cool judgment and logical reasoning. He never backbites a friend. He never slanders a neighbor, nor gives countenance to any report that is calculated to injure the character or reputation of any one. He is generous, kind and liberal; and always contributes to those who are more unfortunate than himself. He never swears, nor uses tobacco in any form. He seldom attends church, though he is a strong believer in protestant religion. He is a fine violinist, and can stir your soul to the very bottom with the sweet strains from his violin. All in all, he is a splendid example for the youth of the land to study and follow after. He spells his name this way: James Bamford White.—Estill Eagle.

Mr. J. P. Blaize, an extensive real estate dealer in Des Moines, Iowa, narrowly escaped one of the severest attacks of pneumonia while in the northern part of that state during a recent blizzard, says the Saturday Review. Mr. Blaize had occasion to drive several miles during the storm and was so thoroughly chilled that he was unable to get warm, and outside of an hour after his return he was threatened with a severe case of pneumonia or lung fever. Mr. Blaize sent to the nearest drug store and got a bottle of Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, of which he had often heard, and took a number of large doses. He says the effect was wonderful and in a short time he was breathing quite easily. He kept on taking the medicine and next day was able to come to Des Moines. Mr. Blaize regards his cure as simply wonderful. For sale by Rose & Jones.

Mr. Sayre's Class of 1849.

"B. B. Sayre, a pedagogue, teaching a small school at Frankfort, Ky., turned out the most remarkable class in 1849 that ever graduated from a schoolroom," said John J. Dixon, of San Antonio. "Mr. Justice Harlan, of the United States supreme court; Senator George G. Vest, Gratz Brown, ex-governor of Missouri, who was nominated for vice-president on the Greeley ticket in 1872; ex-governor Thos. T. Crittenden, of Missouri; Vice-president Adal E. Stevenson; Senator John Blackburn, of Kentucky; and John Mason Brown, one of the most prominent lawyers of Louisville, all walked out of the little school room as graduates. From there they went to Centre College, at Danville, Ky., where they graduated in law and they started off in the world to make their names,"—St. Louis Republic.

When on a visit to Iowa, Mr. K. Dalton of Laramie, Russell county, Kansas, called at the laboratory of Chamberlain & Co., Des Moines, to show them his six-year-old boy, whose life had been saved by Chamberlain's Cough Remedy, it having cured him of a very severe attack of croup. Mr. Dalton is certain that it saved his boy's life and is enthusiastic in his praise of the remedy. For sale by Rose & Jones.

Cousins to Hazel Green Ladies.

Not since the days of the Washburns have there been brothers in the same congress. History in this respect will repeat itself next year. Senator Cockrell, of Missouri, will enter upon his fourth term, and at the same time his brother, Representative Cockrell, of Texas, will begin his first term. The Senator is the younger of the brothers by two and a half years.

But he has eighteen years the start of the Texan in Washington life. Both of the Cockrells are lawyers. Both were confederates from the beginning to the end of the war. Both attained the responsibility of the command of brigades. The elder Cockrell directed the famous battle of Lone Jack.—St. Louis Globe Democrat.

A country woman stood half an hour in front of the postoffice, gazing all the while at the letter box. "What are you doing here all this time?" inquired one of the clerks. "Why, I dropped a letter in there and am waiting for a reply."—Ex-

A Massachusetts True Story.

Williamstown, Mass., boasts of a centenarian who is still as lively and chipper as many men of half his age. He is Abraham Parsons, the "butcher," a colored man who claims to be 105 years old, and who was a man grown when the rest of the town was in knee breeches. He has a record of killing twenty-six horses with his fist, and killed a cow merely by hitting her in the head. On another occasion he broke a gristlebone with his hand. The stone was put in a cheese box and he told who he could have the cheese if he could break it. He is married to a white woman and has five grown sons.

CINCINNATI'S

New Two Cent Morning Paper.

The Tribune, Cincinnati's new two cent morning paper, the announcement of the early appearance of which we noted recently, will appear about January 2d. Its publishers say they will make it not the largest, but the best daily paper published in Cincinnati; that it will compare favorably with the great two cent papers of Chicago and other leading cities. It will not be issued on Sunday. The price by mail will be fifty cents per month, or six dollars a year in advance. Do not pay for a daily paper for the coming year until you have seen the Tribune.

Resolutions of the Irvine Bar.

The Irvine bar passed the following resolutions concerning Judge Patrick's and Judge Lilly's retirement from the respective positions they have filled.

Resolved, First.—That we desire to express our feelings of regret at the retirement of Judge Patrick, of the common pleas court, and in express our feelings of attachment to him for his patience, fairness and gentlemanly conduct to the members of the bar and officers of the court.

Second.—We desire to express to Judge H. C. Lilly, our belief in his integrity and devotion to his duty, and commend him to those among whom he commands.

For a sore throat there is nothing better than a flannel bandage dampened with Chamberlain's Pine Balm. It will nearly always effect a cure in one night's time. This remedy is also a favorite for rheumatism and has cured many very severe cases. 50 cent bottle for sale by Rose & Jones.

Abraham Lincoln, when leaving his home at Springfield, Ill., to be inaugurated president of the United States, made a farewell address to his old friends and neighbors, in which he said: "Neighbors give your boys a chance." That words come with as much force today as they did thirty years ago.

Megrinim, the only permanent cure for all forms of headache and neuralgia, relieves the pain in from 15 to 20 minutes. For sale on positive guarantee at THE HERALD office, or send postpaid by mail upon receipt of price; 50 cents a box.

Rose Donohue died at Pawtucket, R. I., aged forty-seven. She was stricken with paralysis at the age of nine, and for thirty-eight years has not left the little crib in which her three feet of body repose, nor during that time had there been an apparent growth in the limbs, shoulders or trunk.

Lane's Medicine moves the bowels each day. In order to be healthy this is necessary.

Little boy (at the front door)—Is the doctor in? "Cause if he is, I want to see him at once, Servant—He's not in. Little boy—Well, just as soon as he gets home you tell him to come over to our house and take that baby away he left last week. It's in the way!"

Coughing leads to consumption. Kemp's Balsam stops the cough at once.

A determined effort is to be made this winter in the New York legislature to abolish capital punishment, and substitute solitary life imprisonment. The bill will also take away the pardoning power from the governor, and place it in the hands of a commission.

Happy and content is a home with "The Rochester; a lamp with the light of the morning Catalogue, write Rochester Lamp Co., New York."

The great California trotting stallion, Stamboul, was sold in New York last Wednesday, for \$41,000. Nancy Lee, the dam of Nancy Hanks, was sold at the same time for \$7,100.

"Are abstracts of title furnished, collections made and premiums guaranteed. Connected with the law firm of Dyer & Day, Ky., in civil practice."



THE NEXT MORNING I FEEL BRIGHT AND NEW AND MY COMPLEXION IS BETTER.
My doctor says it acts gently on the stomach, liver and kidneys, and is a safe and wholesome medicine. It is made from herbs and is prepared for weak and sickly children.

LANE'S MEDICINE

All druggists sell it at 50c. and \$1.00 a package. If you cannot get it, send your address to us for free sample. Send 25c. postage and we will send you a sample. It is to be had in 100g. and 200g. sizes.

LOUIS STIX & CO.,

WHOLESALE DEALERS IN

Dry Goods, NOTIONS, &c.

Third, Race and Union Sts.

CINCINNATI, O.

We carry the goods that will suit our trade and our prices are THE LOWEST.

Special attention to mail orders.



In Coughs, Coughs, Sore Throat Cough, Inflammation, Whooping Cough, Bronchitis and Asthma. A certain cure for Consumption in its first stages, and for all other diseases of the lungs. It is the best and most effective medicine after taking it twice a day, and it cures everywhere. Price 25c. per bottle, 50c. and \$1.00.

Double and Single Horse Saddle Horses to hire. Parties convened to any point on reasonable terms.

I will also attend to all calls for auctioneering, and other business of this kind.

I. DINGFELDER,

WITH

J. M. ROBINSON & CO.,

Importers and Jobbers of

DRY : GOODS : AND : NOTIONS,

Nos. 527, 539 and 541—

West Main Street,

LOUISVILLE, KY.

Do Business With a Home Institution.

THE CLAY CITY

NATIONAL BANK

CLAY CITY, KY.

Capital \$50,000.

FLOYD DAY, President.

G. W. CASHIER.

No bank in Eastern Kentucky has better facilities for keeping your money. Managed entirely by home people who know you and who are always ready to accommodate you.

Money to loan on reasonable rates, call on us.

—

J. H. PHILLIPS

WITH

W. M. KERR & CO.,

JOBBERS IN

Hardware & Agricultural Implements,

OLIVER CHILLED PLOWS, MALTA

PLOWS, COOK'S MILLS & EVAPORATORS,

CHAMPION REAPERS AND MOWERS, STODDARD AND ACME HARROWS, &c., &c., &c.

DOORS AND SASH A SPECIALTY.

110 and 112 SECOND STREET

IRONTON, O.

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J. H. PIERATT,

Livery, Feed and Sale Stable,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

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Double and Single Horse Saddle Horses to hire. Parties convened to any point on reasonable terms.

I will also attend to all calls for auctioneering, and other business of this kind.

Respectfully, &c.,

JOHN H. PIERATT.

—

DAY HOUSE,

HAZEL GREEN, KY.

Mrs. LOU DAY, Proprietress.

This house has been recently refitted and refurbished, and the table is at all times supplied with the best in the market. Rates reasonable. Sample room attached and special rates to commercial men. Patronage is respectfully solicited.

—

GOOD PAY!

FOR GOOD WORK!

For Ladies or Gentlemen!

\$5 to \$500 Cash!

According to results accomplished; in addition to a liberal commission of twenty per cent.

Also

GUESS PREMIUMS

FOR SUBSCRIBERS,

No Impossibilities or Uncertainties.

Every thing Fair, Honorable, Plain and Positive.

See programme in the

Weekly Enquirer

of our Fourth Annual Contest among Agents for largest clubs.

An Agency for the Weekly Enquirer is a profitable business. It is the best school in the world to prepare one for a business contact with the public, a stepping-stone to business qualification and future prosperity.

We want good Agents to solicit for subscriptions. The inducements are extra good.

ENQUIRER COMPANY,

CINCINNATI, O.

—

A. FLOYD BYRD,

Campbell, Ky.

ATTORNEY-AT-LAW.

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